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## WINTERING ON BEN NEVIS.

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Few inhabitants of the British Isles lead a more romantic and isolated life during winter than the meteorological anchorites domiciled at our most advanced outpost against the forces of Nature, the Ben Nevis Observatory, situated 4406 feet above the sea. Communication with the nether world is practically cut off for weeks at a time, although the Observatory messenger makes the ascents nominally once a fortnight, bringing with him letters and such light parcels as he can conveniently carry. His visits are as uncertain as the weather itself—high winds, soft snow, and thick fog, effectually barring the way for considerable periods, so that the observers are sometimes six weeks without seeing him.

Throughout the long dreary winter, elemental disturbances of a severity and duration with which dwellers at lower levels are fortunately unacquainted, rage with well-nigh unrelenting fury around the hill-top, greatly increasing the physiological effects of the severe cold; while the general climatic conditions are raw and inclement in the highest degree. Every precaution has accordingly been taken to ensure the comfort of the staff, the heating apparatus, consisting of two American stoves, burning paraffin coke, being perfect; while double windows and thick walls lined with felt facilitate the attainment of the end in view. Only during a severe gale does the building become cold; then the fires have to be kept low, as, without this precaution, the chimneys would soon become red-hot, to the danger of the adjoining woodwork.

The winter fare is necessarily chiefly tinned, an occasional leg of mutton forming a welcome change; while the water supply for cooking and domestic purposes takes the form of half-a-dozen bucketsful of virgin snow, dug daily from the most spotless portion of the hill-top.

Drifts begin to form around the domicile early in the month of October, and increase rapidly in depth, until, by the end of January, it would require but a slight exercise of the imagination, along with a background of seals, blubber, and Eskimo dogs, to suggest some hyperborean encampment by the shores of Melville Bay or Northumberland Inlet. The presence of a few fur-clad natives would no doubt give effect to the illusion; but as the winter attire of the 'children of the mist' closely resembles that of a North Sea fisherman, the picture is necessarily incomplete in this respect. The Observatory buildings are then entirely under snow, all that can be seen being the kitchen chimney and the tower, along with a curious-looking ice-cave in the foreground, which on closer examination proves to be composed of blocks of frozen snow, built in order to protect a staircase of the same material leading up from the main entrance twelve feet below. Icicles depend from the roof of this archway, which sparkle in bright sunshine with myriads of snow crystals, in marked contrast to the sepulchral gloom of the interior, where paraffin lamps burning night and day shed their ghostly glimmer, making darkness barely visible. So intolerably close and stuffy does the atmosphere become in this boreal temple of science, that all hands turn out with spades from time to time and endeavour to keep at least the upper portion of the windows clear, thus enabling artificial illuminants to be dispensed with during the short winter days. The first severe storm, however, effectually closes these long tunnel-like excavations, which simply act as traps for the drift that flies over the summit in blinding clouds, and the old order of things is resumed.

The voluntary exiles in this solitary habitation are three in number, two of whom are observers, while the third performs the necessary offices of cook and general housekeeper, yet is also able to assist in taking the obser-

ventions if necessary. Astronomy does not, as is very generally supposed, enter into the work, which is purely meteorological, hourly readings of instruments giving the temperature, pressure, and humidity of the atmosphere being taken night and day, so that one observer is always on duty. The instruments are as plain and substantial as possible, consistent with scientific accuracy, one looking in vain for any of the ingenious and labour-saving automatically recording devices so successfully utilised at low-level observatories, such as Greenwich and Kew, but which cannot be used on the Ben, owing to the frost-work formed out of the driving fog, rarely absent during the winter months. It appears that whenever fog is present and the temperature below the freezing-point, crystalline feathers of ice are deposited on the windward side of every surface, the frost-work forming at the rate of about two feet a day under favourable conditions. The thermometer boxes soon become choked with these accretions, and have to be frequently changed; otherwise, the observations would be merely a record of the temperature inside a more or less opaque mass of snow. The thermometers are placed in louvered boxes attached to a ladder-like framework fixed in the ground, so that, as the snow increases in depth, they can be raised step by step, and kept at the regulation height of four feet above the surface.

A totally different phenomenon is 'Silver Thaw,' or rain congealing as it falls, covering all objects exposed to its action with a transparent sheet of hard ice, unlike the fog crystals, which, when broken across, show a peculiar granular fracture like marble or alabaster. 'Silver Thaw' occasions considerable inconvenience, choking the chimneys and ventilators; while the falling rain freezes on the clothes, and even faces, of the observers, so that outdoor exercise is anything but a pleasure. After a prolonged fall, a hard, icy crust is formed on the surface of the snow, drift being thus prevented, an important matter in stormy weather, when the snow literally rolls about in waves over the hill-top. Most of it is blown into the gorges, where it accumulates to a great depth, remaining unmelted even in the warmest summer.

Thunder-storms are most frequent in winter, taking place during the passage of deep cyclonic systems, and are not only unpleasant but sometimes dangerous phenomena. In a severe storm, the rattling of torrents of hail, mingled with the incessant rolling of the thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning, are enough to make the stoutest heart quail; while the close proximity of a well-known Mephistophelian celebrity is suggested by the sulphurous odour emanating from the lightning-arrester on the telegraph connections. On one occasion, a so-called bolt of lightning came down the office chimney, emerging from the stove with the report as of a rifle, a ball of fire leaping across the room giving a severe shock to one of the inmates who was sitting writing at an adjoining table. Sometimes the accumulated electrical energy is dissipated in the form of St Elmo's

Fire, this making its appearance as little coronations in the shape of inverted cones of violet-coloured flame about the thickness of a lead pencil. A peculiar 'singing noise,' not unlike the humming of bees, accompanies it, by which characteristic sound it has been recognised in the daytime, when the light was too strong for the meteor itself to be visible. In brilliant displays, the anemometer cups, revolving rapidly, appear as a solid ring of fire; while the wind-vane resembles a flaming arrow. The appearance of the observer is equally striking; his coat, gloves, and hat are aglow with the 'fire'; while his moustache becomes electrified, so as to make a veritable lantern of his face. A smart stinging sensation on the temples and scalp is frequently experienced, so that it is no matter for surprise that the apparition usually beats a hasty although 'brilliant' retreat into the tower, there to enjoy, without personal discomfort, a scene highly suggestive of the realms of Pluto or the Stygian creek. The phenomenon is simply a slow ejection of electricity analogous to the 'brush' discharge of an ordinary electrical machine.

Many rare and interesting atmospheric effects are witnessed from this lofty post of observation. Occasionally the lower world is buried in fog, everything beneath being shut out from view by a magnificent ocean of rolling clouds, on which the sun shines down with ineffable splendour, whilst here and there a snow-clad peak rises like an island above the silvery billow. The upper surface of this cloud-layer is at times quite level, just like a sheet of water, coming flush up against the sides of the hill without rising or falling. On other occasions it is twisting about, fantastic wreaths of white mist being evolved from it. The moonlight effects under these conditions are exceptionally grand, and do much to compensate the observers for the monotonous routine of their everyday life; the scintillation of millions of snow crystals out-twinkling the stars, with the contrast supplied by the dark heaving waves of cloud-fog beneath, forming a fascinating and absorbing spectacle that will never fade from the memory of the fortunate beholder.

Now is the time for recreation, which is indulged in as much as the scientific work of the Observatory will permit of. The favourite amusement is tobogganing, a straight course of over half a mile being available for the purpose, special care being taken to steer well away from the great corrie of the precipice, which is fringed in winter with a cornice of slippery snow. After a heavy fall of soft snow, a welcome variety in the shape of exercise is afforded by long tramps on Canadian snow-shoes brought over from Quebec. On a fine winter day with little or no wind, a surprise-party would probably find the roof of the Observatory covered with rugs, on which recline the 'staff,' basking in the sunshine, lulled into a condition of dreamy ecstasy by the melodious murmur of distant waterfalls, and the light zephyrs playing among the dark corries of the north cliff.

In this weather, many favourable opportunities are from time to time presented for witnessing remarkable optical effects. When thin

fog blows over the hill-top, coronæ of indescribably brilliant prismatic colours are formed round the sun or moon, their striking iridescence being due to the nearness of the vapour prisms on which the images are formed. When the upper cloud-layer consists of cirri halos accompanied by contact arches, horizontal and vertical bars and mock-suns are frequently visible. If the ice-haze on which these images are developed is dense, the accompanying optical phenomena are pale and leaden; but when the icy veil is filmy and drifting rapidly, the chameleon-like changes are beautiful to behold, forming a perfect phantasmagoria of kaleidoscopic effects. The foregoing phenomena are explained by the action of the sun's rays on hexagonal ice-crystals floating in different positions, and having refracting angles of sixty or ninety degrees. Rainbow-like glories of dazzling brilliancy surround the shadow of the observer when it is projected on fog, the sun at the same time being low in the heavens.

An unusual occurrence is the dark-blue earth-shadow thrown against the sky, and marked off clearly from the illuminated portion by an arch of purple light called 'Phœbus Bow,' with the shadow of the Ben, as a dark conical projection, standing out boldly from it. The zodiacal light makes its appearance shortly after sunset on a moonless night in early spring, and is also visible before sunrise at the opposite season of the year, being known to the natives of the East, whose clear skies admit of its frequent visibility, as the 'false dawn.' The presence of this interesting luminary, which takes the form of a hazy cone of soft light rising to a considerable elevation in an oblique direction, is attributed to the existence of extremely tenuous matter surrounding the sun and stretching into space for an enormous distance.

Animal life is very scarce, although for some years a colony of stoats took up their abode on the summit, and have been known to invade the storeroom when hard pressed for food. Their depredations at length becoming more frequent, traps were set, several falling into the toils, thus paying the penalty for their intrepidity, being rendered negative factors in earthly concerns, as a warning to the remainder. In winter they are as white as snow, with the single exception of a small black tip on the end of the tail, which does not alter in summer, when their colour changes to a ruddy brown. The creature is remarkably active, being about ten inches in length and very slender. Birds are rarely seen, although snow-buntings flit about the hill-top and become quite tame, coming regularly to the Observatory for food, and hopping only a few yards away when disturbed. Butterflies and other insects have been noticed during summer; while large numbers of a dipterous fly are found crawling on the surface of the snow at all seasons, wind-borne travellers from the surrounding glens, four thousand feet down.

Very few visitors make their appearance in winter, on account of the difficulty and danger attaching to the climb. Guide-posts have been placed at intervals of about a hundred yards during the last mile of the journey; but they

soon become snow-covered, and indistinguishable from the surrounding ice-waste, and are of little use in thick fog, when the range of vision is reduced to a few yards, and when the blinding, biting drift fills up footsteps as soon as they are made, confusing all idea of direction. Not unfrequently the Observatory road-messenger has had to return to Fort-William, after leaving the mail-bags tied to one of the guide-posts we have just alluded to, absolutely unable to continue the ascent, owing to the overpowering drift. Occasionally, total strangers to the hill make the ascent in bad winter weather, aptly illustrating the proverb that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' For example, one dull winter afternoon, when we were sitting round the kitchen fire enjoying an after-dinner smoke, a loud knock was heard at the tower door, which affords a convenient exit when the snow has accumulated to some depth. A visitor at this season being a *rara avis*, we were not long in admitting the new-comer, who, according to his story, was a tramp hailing from London in search of work. Business being dull at sea-level altitudes, he had been recommended by his landlady to apply at the Ben Nevis Observatory for employment, where presumably manual labour would not be at such a discount as at more accessible situations. He presented a most pitiable appearance on his arrival; his feet, but poorly protected by worn-out shoes, felt, he said, like ice-blocks; while his clothes were as hard as boards, and covered with frozen snow, which had accumulated in lumps as large as eggs in his tangled beard. It was too late that evening to ask him to face the dangers of fog and drift on his return journey, so he had to spend the night in front of the kitchen stove, departing on the following morning with bursting pockets and a replenished wardrobe, evidently much pleased with his first experience of 'high-life.'

Coming now to the practical utility of the observations. Mountain meteorology, to use the words of a celebrated American authority, 'is chiefly useful when studied relatively, that is, when the atmospheric relations between the summit and base of a mountain can be obtained.' This can only be effected by the establishment of a station at an approximately sea-level altitude, where observations can be taken simultaneously with those on an adjacent summit. An Observatory has lately been erected at Fort-William, four miles in horizontal distance from the Ben, and supplied with ingenious self-registering instruments, giving, by means of photography, a continuous record of the fluctuations in the various elements of climate, so that it is now possible to follow hour by hour the atmospheric changes taking place under various conditions at sea-level and at an elevation of four-fifths of a mile. A most laborious examination of these observations has lately been undertaken by the able Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, the discussion of which will materially aid, if it does not in a measure supplant, the present system of weather-forecasting by means of synoptic charts.

In conclusion, one cannot help referring in a word to the intelligence and endurance manifested by the members of the 'staff' in prose-

cutting, under many difficulties, a work that is practically unique, and which has already done much to clear away the mists surrounding meteorological science.

### AT MARKET VALUE.\*

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—AN ANGEL FROM THE WEST.

RUFUS MORTIMER lay stretched at full length on the heather-clad dome of a Surrey hill-top. He was turning lazily over the pages of a weekly paper. He passed from the politics to the social 'middles,' and from the middles again to the reviews and the literary column. It was dull, deadly dull, the self-laudatory *communiqués* of second-rate amateurs. His eye ran carelessly through the items of news and the hints of forthcoming works: 'We understand that the article on "Richelieu and his Contemporaries" in the current number of the South British Quarterly, which is attracting so much attention in well-informed circles at the present moment, is from the facile yet learned pen of Mr J. Anstruther Maclaren, the well-known authority on the age of the Bourbons.'—'Mrs Rotherham's new novel, "My Heart and His," will shortly be published by Messrs Rigby, Short, & Co. It will deal with the vicissitudes of an Italian gypsy girl, who studies medicine at Girton, and afterwards becomes convinced of the truths of Theosophy, the principles of which are eloquently defended at some length by the accomplished authoress.'—'Mr Edmund Wilkes, Q.C., denies the report that he is the author of that clever Society sketch, "An Archbishop's Daughter-in-law," which has caused so much amusement, and so many searchings of heart in high ecclesiastical and legal quarters during the present season. We are also assured there is no good ground for attributing the work to the wife of the veteran Dean of Northborough, whose finished literary handicraft does not in any way resemble the crude and unformed style of that now famous story. The work bears, on the contrary, internal traces of being due to the sprightly wit of a very young lady, acquainted with the clerical society of a northern cathedral town, but little at home in the great world of London.'—Rufus Mortimer almost laid down the paper in disgust. Better, surely, the fellowship of the eternal hills, the myriad buzz of the bees, the purple heather, than the solicitous echoes of this provincial gossip.

But just as he was going to fling the journal down in his distaste, his eye chanced to light upon a single belated paragraph, wedged in between two others near the end of the column. 'Messrs Stanley & Lockhart will publish almost immediately a new and stirring romance of the Armada period, entitled "An Elizabethan Seadog," purporting to be written by one John Collingham, a Norfolk sailor, who was imprisoned in Spain by the Inquisition for refusing to abjure "the damnable doctrine of her Grace's supremacy." It is announced as "translated and edited by Arnold Willoughby;" and

is described in their circular as being one of the most thrilling works of adventure published since the beginning of the present revived taste for the literature of romantic exploits.'

In a moment, Rufus Mortimer had jumped up from his seat on the overblown heather. In accordance with his promise to Kathleen, he had been hunting for weeks to find Arnold Willoughby; and now, by pure chance, he had lighted unawares on a singular clue to his rival's whereabouts.

Rufus Mortimer was a man of his word. Moreover, like all the higher natures, he was raised far above the petty meanness of jealousy. If he loved Kathleen, he could not help desiring to do whatever would please her, even though it were that hard task—to find for her sake the lover who was to supplant him. As soon as he read those words, he had but one thought in his mind—he must go up to town at once and see whether Stanley & Lockhart could supply him with the address of their new author.

In five minutes more he was back at his lodgings, whither he had come down, partly for rest and change after his fresh disappointment, partly to paint a little purple gem of English moorland landscape for an American Exhibition. He turned to his Bradshaw eagerly. An up-train would be due in twenty minutes. It was sharp work to catch it, for his rooms on the hill-top lay more than a mile from the station; but off he set at a run, so eager was he to find out the truth about Arnold Willoughby. At the station he had just time to despatch a hasty telegram up to town to Kathleen—'Am on the track of the missing man. Will wire again to-night. Have good hopes of finding him.'—RUFUS MORTIMER—when the train steamed in, and he jumped impetuously into a first-class carriage.

At Waterloo he hailed a hansom, and drove straight to Stanley & Lockhart's. He sent up his card, and asked if he might see one of the partners. The American millionaire's name was well enough known in London to secure him at once a favourable reception. Mr Stanley received him with the respect justly due to so many hard dollars. He came provided with the universal passport. Rufus Mortimer went straight to the business in hand. Could Mr Stanley inform him of the present address of Mr Arnold Willoughby, the editor of this new book, 'An Elizabethan Seadog'?

Mr Stanley hesitated. 'Are you a friend of Mr Willoughby's?' he asked, looking out over his spectacles. 'For you know he poses as a sort of dark horse. He's reticent about himself, and we don't even know whether Arnold Willoughby's his real name or a pseudonym. He dresses like and pretends to be a common sailor.'

'Oh yes,' Mortimer answered, smiling. 'Willoughby's his own name, right enough; and he is what he seems to be, an able-bodied mariner. But he's a very remarkable man in his way, for all that—a painter, a reader, extremely well informed, and in every sense a gentleman. There are no flies on Willoughby.'

'No what?' Mr Stanley asked, opening his eyes.

'No flies,' Rufus answered, with a compas-

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sionate smile for English dullness. 'I mean, he's fresh, and clever, and original.'

'So we gathered,' the head of the firm replied. 'Well, to anybody but you, Mr Mortimer, we would refuse the address; but I suppose we may take it for granted in your case you want it for none but purposes which Mr Willoughby himself would approve of.' And he smiled, all benignity.

'I hope so,' Rufus answered good-humouredly. 'I want it, first, for myself; and secondly, for a person in whom I may venture to say Mr Willoughby is deeply interested.'

The publisher raised his eyebrows. That was the very worst plea Rufus Mortimer could have put in; for when a man's clearly skulking from the eyes of the world, the person (presumably a lady) who is most deeply interested in him is oftener than not the one creature on earth he's most anxious to hide from. So the wise man hesitated. 'Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you,' he said at last, shading his eyes with his hand; 'but to be quite, quite frank with you, we don't exactly know whether we've got his real address or not, ourselves. He has his proofs posted to him at a small seafaring coffee-house, somewhere right away down in the far East End; and that's hardly the sort of place where a man of letters, such as he evidently is, would be likely to be lodging.'

Rufus Mortimer smiled once more. 'I expect it's where he lodges,' he answered. 'At Venice, he used to board in the house of a sort of inferior marine-stores dealer. He's a live man, is Willoughby; he doesn't trouble himself much about the upholsteries and the fripperies.'

The publisher, still half unconvinced, wrote down the address on a slip of paper; and Mortimer, just thanking him for it, rushed off to another cab, and hurried away at full speed to the East End coffee-house.

Fortunately, Arnold Willoughby was in. He had little to go out for. Mortimer went up to his room, a plain small bedroom on the second floor, very simply furnished, but clean and comfortable. He was taken aback at the first look of the man. Arnold seemed thinner than at Venice, very worn and ill-looking. But he started up at the sound of Mortimer's cheery voice, which he recognised at once with its scarcely perceptible tinge of pleasant and cultivated Pennsylvanian accent. Then he held out his left hand. Mortimer saw for himself that the right hung half idle by his side, as if paralysed. 'Why, what does this mean?' he asked quickly.

Arnold smiled in reply, and grasped his friend's hand warmly; though, to say the truth, he felt not quite at his ease with the man who was to marry Kathleen Hesslegrave. He would have been glad in some ways to be spared this visit: though, now it was thrust upon him, he was really thankful in others that he was to know the truth, and to put himself once more *en rapport* with Kathleen. 'Oh, nothing much,' he answered, forcing a difficult smile. 'I got crushed in an iceberg accident. Worse calamities happen at sea. Though it's maimed my painting hand, which is always a misfortune.'

'Is it serious?' Mortimer asked with interest. 'Well, the doctors tell me it'll never be good for anything much again,' Arnold answered bravely. 'I can learn to write with my left, of course; but I must give up painting, I'm afraid, altogether.'

They sat and talked for some time about the accident and how it had happened; but neither of them said a word for many minutes together of the subject that was nearest both their hearts that moment. Arnold was too shy and reserved; while as for Rufus Mortimer, he felt, under the circumstances, he had no right to betray Kathleen Hesslegrave's confidence. At last, however, Arnold mustered up courage to make the doubtful plunge. 'I believe I have to congratulate you,' he said, with a rather feeble smile, looking hard at Mortimer.

The American winced. 'To congratulate me?' he answered. 'I don't quite understand. On what, and why, please?'

Arnold gazed at him, and hesitated. Ought he to go on or hold his peace? It would be more discreet, perhaps even more honourable, to say nothing further; but, having once begun, he *must* get to the bottom of it. 'Well, about Miss Hesslegrave,' he replied. 'I heard—that is to say—I understood you were going to be married to her. And I'm sure I don't know any man in the world more altogether worthy of her.'

Rufus Mortimer stared at him. 'Married to her!' he exclaimed. 'Why, who on earth told you that? My dear fellow, you're mistaken. I'm sorry to say there isn't one word of truth in it.'

'But her own brother told me so,' Arnold persisted, unable to disentangle this ravelled skein.

'Her own brother!' Mortimer exclaimed. 'What! that wretched little monkey! He told you this lie? Why, when ever did you see him?'

'About six or eight weeks ago,' Arnold answered, growing hot; 'up here in London. And he certainly gave me to understand it was a foregone conclusion.'

'What! he saw you six or eight weeks ago, and he never told Miss Hesslegrave!' Mortimer cried, justly angry, and forgetting in his surprise all about Kathleen's secret. 'I see what he did that for. The selfish little wretch! How mean! how disgraceful of him!'

'Why should he tell Miss Hesslegrave?' Arnold answered, looking hard at him. 'Surely, under the circumstances, it would be best she should see and hear nothing more of me.'

Rufus Mortimer hesitated. He loved Kathleen too well not to desire to serve her; and he felt sure Arnold was labouring under some profound delusion. But he made up his mind that, under the circumstances, it was best to be frank. 'You're mistaken,' he replied. 'Miss Hesslegrave is anxious to see you again, in order to clear up a most serious misapprehension. To tell you the plain truth, Willoughby, that's why I'm here to-day. I don't know what the misapprehension itself may be,' he added hastily, for he saw from a faint shade which flitted on Arnold's face that that quick and sensitive nature had again jumped at a

conclusion adverse to Kathleen. 'She hasn't betrayed your confidence, whatever it may be; and if I'm betraying hers now, it's only because I see there's no other way out of it.' He paused a moment and wiped his brow; then the real man came out in one of those rare bursts of unadulterated nature which men seldom permit themselves. 'You don't know what it costs me,' he said earnestly. 'You don't know what it costs me.'

He spoke with such transparent sincerity and depth of feeling, that Arnold couldn't help sympathising with him. And yet, even so, after all his bitter experience, he couldn't help letting the thought flit through his mind all the same—was Kathleen still trying to catch the Earl, but keeping a second string to her bow, all the while, in the rich American?

He laid his hand gently on Rufus Mortimer's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said with real feeling, 'I can see how much it means to you. I'm sorry, indeed, if I stand between you and her. I never wished to do so. There has indeed been an error, a very serious error; but it has been on *her* part, not on mine. She would have married me once, I know, but under a misapprehension. If she knew the whole truth now, she wouldn't want to see me again. And even if she did,' he added, holding up his maimed hand pathetically—'even if it was the painter she wanted, and not—ah, no! I forgot—but even if it was the painter, how could she take him now, and how could he burden her with himself, in this mangled condition? It was always a wild dream; by now, it's an impossible one.'

'That's for *her* to judge, Willoughby,' Rufus Mortimer answered, with earnestness. 'Ah, man, how can you talk so? To think you might make her yours with a turn of your hand, and won't—while I!—oh, I'd give every penny I possess if only I dare hope for her. And here I am, pleading with you on her behalf against myself; and not even knowing whether I'm not derogating from her dignity and honour by condescending on her behalf to say so much as I do to you.'

He leaned back in his easy-chair, and held his hand to his forehead. For a moment neither spoke. Then Arnold began slowly: 'I love her very much, Mortimer,' he said. 'Once, I loved her distractedly. I don't think I could speak about her to any other man; certainly not to any Englishman. But you Americans are somehow quite different from us in fibre. I can say things to you I couldn't possibly say to any fellow-countryman. Now, this is what I feel: she could be happy with you. I can do nothing for her now. I must just live out my own life the best way I can with what limbs remain to me. It would be useless my seeing her. It would only mean a painful explanation; and, when it was over, we must go our own ways—and in the end, she would marry you.'

'I think you owe her that explanation, though,' Mortimer answered slowly. 'Mind, I'm pleading her cause with you against myself—because I promised her to do all I could to find you; and I interpret that promise according to the spirit and not according to the

letter. But you owe it to her to see her. You think the misunderstanding was on her side alone; she thinks it was on yours. Very well, then; that shows there is still something to be cleared up. You must see her and clear it. For even if she didn't marry you, she wouldn't marry me. So it's no use urging that. As to your hand—no, Willoughby, you *must* let me say it—if you can't support her yourself, what are a few thousands to me? You needn't accept them; I could make them over to her, before her marriage. I know that's not the way things are usually done; but you and I and she are not usual people. Why shouldn't we cast overboard conventions for once, and act like three rational human beings?'

Arnold Willoughby grasped his hand. He couldn't speak for a minute. Something rose in his throat and choked him. Here at least was one man whom he could trust; one man to whom earl or sailor made no difference. He was almost tempted in the heat of the moment to confess and explain everything. 'Mortimer,' he said at last, holding his friend's hand in his, 'you have always been kindness itself to me. I will answer you one thing; if I could accept that offer from any man, I could accept it from you. But I couldn't. For the sake of my own independence, I once gave up everything; how could I go back upon it now in order to—'

But before he could finish his sentence, Rufus Mortimer stared at him in one of those strange flashes of intuition which come over women often, and men sometimes, at critical moments of profound emotion. 'Then you are Lord Axminster!' he cried.

'Did she tell you so?' Arnold burst out, drawing his hand away suddenly.

'No, never. Not a word, not a breath, not a hint of it,' Mortimer answered firmly. 'She kept your secret well—as I will keep it. I see it all now. It comes home to me in a moment. You thought it was the Earl she had fallen in love with, not the sailor and painter. You thought she would only care for you if you assumed your title. My dear Willoughby, you're mistaken, if ever a man was.' He drew a letter-case from his pocket. 'Read that,' he said earnestly. 'The circumstances justify me in breaking her confidence so far. I do it for her own sake. Heaven knows it costs me dear enough to do it.'

Arnold Willoughby, deeply stirred, read it through in profound silence. It was the letter Kathleen had written in answer to Rufus Mortimer's last proposal. He read it through every line with the intensest emotion. It was a good woman's letter if ever he had seen one. It stung him like remorse. 'If I had never met Him, I might perhaps have loved you dearly. But I have loved one man too well in my time ever to love a second; and whether I find him again or not, my mind is quite made up: I cannot give myself to any other. I speak to you frankly, because from the very first you have known my secret, and because I can trust and respect and like you. But if ever I meet him again, I shall be his, and his only; and his only I must be if I never again meet him.'

Arnold Willoughby handed the letter back to Mortimer with tears in his eyes. He felt he had wronged her. Whether she knew he was an Earl from the beginning or not, he believed now she really loved him for his own sake alone, and could never love any other man. She was not mercenary; if she were, she would surely have accepted so brilliant an offer as Rufus Mortimer's. She was not fickle; if she were, she would never have written such a letter as that about a man who had apparently disappeared from her horizon. Arnold's heart was touched home. 'I must go to her,' he said instantly. 'I must see her, and set this right. Where is she now, Mortimer?'

'I'll go with you,' Mortimer answered quickly. —'No; don't be afraid,' he added with a bitter smile. 'As far as the door, I mean. Don't suppose I want to hamper you in such an interview.'

For it occurred to him that if they went together to the door in a cab, he might be allowed to pay for it, and that otherwise Arnold wouldn't be able to afford one. But Kathleen's heart must not be kept on the stretch for ten minutes longer than was absolutely necessary.

#### SOME REFINEMENTS OF MODERN PHARMACY.

THERE is no form of medicine perhaps to which more objection is made than pills. 'I cannot take pills' is a constant confession made by patients to their doctor; and, undoubtedly, in certain cases it is something more than repugnance that makes the swallowing of a pill an almost impossible feat. Now, however, Modern Pharmacy has made the ordeal a much less trying one. In the past, the size of a pill was often, to use Dominie Sampson's favourite expression, 'Prodigious.' It was seldom coated, except when a little flour was sprinkled upon it—a most illusive method of concealing its nauseous flavour; and lastly, its surface was frequently so adhesive in hot weather that it would fasten itself to the organs of taste like a limpet to a rock. The chemist has enabled the pill manufacturer to reduce the size of many pills by separating out the active principles of the crude drug in the form of alkaloids, the doses of which are very small, sometimes not more than a hundredth part of a grain. With the aid of new kinds of machinery, the modern pill receives an exquisite polish. A perfectly smooth and shining surface is produced by the action of two revolving plates. After that, the pill is stuck on a pin and dipped into liquid preparations of gelatine. These, on drying, give it a thin, hard, soluble coating. For children, pills are made attractive by coating them with sugar and colouring them pink, so that they look and taste very much like confectionery. Various substances have been used for coating pills. One seldom sees now pills coated with gold or silver leaf. It was found that these coverings did not properly conceal the disagreeable odour of some drugs, as valerian and asafoetida.

Some of the newer methods employed for

coating pills have been more successful. The solubility of the coating of a pill is of importance. Most pills are coated with a substance that becomes readily dissolved by the action of the heat and acid juice of the stomach, so that the drug prescribed is quickly liberated and absorbed. An ingenious plan has been devised of coating certain drugs with a horny substance, called 'keratin,' which is soluble in alkaline fluids, but not in acid. The effect of this is that the pill so prepared passes through the stomach unabsorbed; the gastric juice, being an acid fluid, is incapable of dissolving the coating. After this, the pill in its descent comes in contact with alkaline secretions, which readily dissolve the coating and set free its contents. So that it is now possible to apply remedies directly to that part of the alimentary canal which lies just below the stomach; and not only that, but to preserve the sensitive lining membrane of the stomach from contact with irritating drugs.

Gelatine has been made very useful as a covering for powders and fluids. Many persons cannot take cod-liver oil without extreme disgust. As much as a tablespoonful can now be administered in an envelope or capsule of gelatine, which makes the disagreeable taste of the oil hardly observable when it is taken. Of course, in this bulky form the act of swallowing has to be performed with a slight degree of dexterity, as in gulping down the whole of an oyster. The 'cachet,' as its name implies, is a French invention. It is very popular on the Continent, and deserves to be more so in our own country. It is a capsule made of wafer-paper, in which certain powders—as quinine, for instance, that has a very bitter taste—can be given without offending the palate. There is a particular form of cachet so admirably contrived that the patient can easily fill it himself. It is made of pure rice starch, and consists of a little spoon-shaped vessel fitted with a flat lid. After it has been filled, the cachet is wetted and its lid brought down by means of a folder, and sealed very much in the same way as the envelope of a letter. The pharmacist has now succeeded in making powders, that were our abhorrence in childhood, perfectly tolerable for us to take. Few can fail to remember what a poor deceit it was when honey, jam, or treacle was made the vehicle.

Two capsules are specially made to fulfil some other purposes. To get the full effect of certain drugs, it is necessary that they should be taken immediately after they have been prepared. A capsule to obtain the desired result is therefore made consisting of two little compartments separated by a central partition, so that two different substances can be packed together inside the capsule without their coming into contact and combining chemically to form a compound. After the capsule has been sealed, it can be swallowed at any time; and the heat and moisture of the stomach will dissolve the covering of the two substances, and cause them to unite, forming a compound medicinal substance which is as fresh as if it had just been prepared by the chemist in his laboratory. The other capsule is made of glass, and affords a ready way of administering restoratives when,

from some cause or another, a patient is unable to take medicine by the mouth. It is especially of value in cases of poisoning, sudden faintness, or extreme exhaustion. At first made to contain some volatile medicated fluid, it is then hermetically sealed. The glass is so thin that it only requires the pressure of the hand to crack it and release the fluid in the form of a vapour. Directly the capsule has been crushed, it is held in the palm of the hand or in a handkerchief, and applied to the nose and mouth for the vapour that is given off to be inhaled.

Of late, an attempt has been made, and with great success, to reduce the size of drugs by compression in machines, and to administer them in a tabular form very easy to swallow. The manufacture of tablets is becoming an important department in the work of the manufacturing chemist and druggist. These little tablets or tabloids have the drugs of which they are composed mixed with quick solvents, so that, when they are put into the mouth or swallowed, they are rapidly dissolved; their small size and little weight render them exceedingly portable; and if carefully packed, they can be kept for a very long time without losing their active properties. It is not surprising that, possessing the last two qualities, they have been found eminently suitable for the equipment of travellers. During the recent expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha in Africa, they were put to a severe test. Notwithstanding three years' locomotion, and all the vicissitudes of a tropical climate, they were proved, by the specimens that were brought home and examined, to be unimpaired by their long journey. Some of them are so exceedingly small, and so easily dissolved, that it is not always necessary to swallow them; but if occasion requires, they can be put under the tongue, or even into the eye when that organ is affected.

Again, there are other tablets which are hard and not readily dissolvable, because they carry drugs which it is desirable should be applied locally to the tongue or mouth. Their hardness necessitates their being moved about in the mouth for a length of time before they can be sufficiently dissolved to be comfortably swallowed; and thus a more thorough application is procured.

For applying special remedies to the throat, an effervescent lozenge has been manufactured. As it is swallowed, the moisture absorbed by it causes it to effervesce and diffuse its ingredients upon the interior of the throat. It overcomes the difficulty which some persons experience in gargling, or submitting to have their throats painted with a brush.

The interior of the nose, like that of the throat, is often very highly sensitive, the effect of syringing it or sponging it out with medicated fluids being very unpleasant. Recently, nasal cylinders have come into fashion which furnish a more agreeable method of treatment. They are small hollow cylinders, composed of glyco-gelatin medicated with suitable drugs. Each cylinder, after being inserted into one of the passages of the nose, is kept in position there by using a vulcanite plug, which is also hollow, to allow of free respiration. The patient

can insert one, and go to sleep; for a piece of thread attached to both cylinder and plug prevents them slipping back into the throat. As the cylinder takes several hours to liquefy, the interior of the nostril is thoroughly impregnated with the drug.

Small pellets have been invented for the application of antiseptics to the inside of the ear-passage. They are about the size of swan-shot, and are more easy of introduction than powders. Like the cylinders, they are melted by the natural heat of the body.

We now come to the medication of the external surface of the body. Various elegant preparations have superseded the coarse unguents and salves of former times. It would be impossible in our limited space to give a just idea of the wonderful improvements that have been made in this branch of pharmacy. Perhaps one of the most notable improvements is the preparation of an animal fat, called lanoline, which is now used as the basis of a large number of ointments. Unlike lard, which has generally been employed for this purpose, it never turns rancid; and it has the valuable property of being readily absorbed by the skin, and penetrating with friction to its deeper layers; therefore, it becomes a most efficient vehicle for conveying medicines through the skin. When mixed with mercury and rubbed into the pores, it has caused the peculiar metallic taste of the drug to be perceptible in the mouth three minutes after its application. In its impure crude form, this fat was known to the ancient Greeks, and employed by them in medicine, being extracted from the wool of sheep. The chemist has now purified it, and made it one of the most useful agents that we possess for applying medicines to the skin.

In Germany, much attention has been directed to the preparation of medicinal soaps. It is contended that they are much more easily applied than ointments, and with some reason, for the latter too often require to be spread on linen or other material, and retained by plasters or bandages; whereas the soap-method, as it is styled, renders these adjuncts unnecessary. Again, there are other advantages in soaps over ointments. A cake of soap is a more convenient article to carry than a pot of ointment. Soap is more economical to use, as a great deal of ointment is frequently wasted from being absorbed by the dressings and linen of the patient. Ointments are often cold and clammy, and adhere to the under-clothing, and to a certain degree are discomforting; but the same cannot be said of soap, which, after its use in our daily ablutions, produces a general feeling of comfort and cleanliness. Moreover, if the hands are affected, and a medicated soap is used, it does not unfit them for work, as the smearing of them with ointment is likely to do. The incorporation of lanoline with medicines in soaps has been productive of good results, the lanoline making the skin very soft and supple, and causing the medicinal substance combined with it to penetrate deeply into the structure of the skin.

From the few observations that have been made, it is evident that the pharmacist has done much to refine his art and make the



medicines he dispenses to us less objectionable. He has always had two classes to please—the medical faculty, who prescribe; and those who take the medicines prescribed them. Hitherto, he has perhaps not exerted himself quite so much as he might have done to please the latter class, but at the present time such a charge cannot be justly maintained.

## THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER.

## CHAPTER II.

THE following morning, after disposing of his solitary breakfast, Lemuel Garvey scrambled down from his nest among the pines, and walked down the turnpike to Breckenridge City with a thoughtful frown on his features. He was thinking hard, for the morning's calm reflections had shown him the weak point in his case against Chaparral Dick. He had no corroborative evidence to bring forward in support of any accusation he might make. It would simply be his word against another's, and that other more or less of a general favourite; while he himself was mainly regarded with contemptuous pity by these bluff, rough-and-tumble ranchers, who did not know what illness is, except when resulting from a broken limb or a sudden attack of 'lead-poisoning.' What chance had he of being believed, unless he could spring his mine on the culprit so artfully and unexpectedly that, in the confusion of the moment, the latter should incriminate himself? Practically, none. It was clear now that he had missed his best opportunity. What he ought to have done was to have followed Chaparral Dick, immediately after the robbery, to Breckenridge City—presuming, of course, as seemed probable, that, to disarm any possibility of suspicion, he had conveyed his victim thither—and denounced him there and then, while the stolen money was still concealed about his person. Such a course would have secured a conviction and speedy, if rough-handed, justice. But by this time the booty would be safely stowed away at Chaparral Ranch, the bag destroyed, and the probability of bringing home the crime to the perpetrator rather remote.

Resolving not to make any rash move, but to wait and see what turn events were taking before playing his cards, Garvey arrived at Breckenridge City and turned into Higgins's Hotel. Round the bar there were grouped more than the usual number of loafers this morning. At first sight the place appeared to be full of red shirts, big boots, and sombreros; and if the new-comer had not caught a glimpse through the other door, that led into the garden at the back of the hotel, of a pink sun-bonnet and a light blue print frock, he would speedily have noticed that among the truculent-looking crew were nearly all the prominent members of the district Vigilance Committee. As it was he had eyes only for the fair vision through the open door, and, nodding familiarly to Higgins, who was being kept extraordinarily busy behind the bar, he strode out into the garden.

'Morning, Flossie!'

'That you, Lem? Morning! Heard the news, of course?'

'What news?'

'Bout Jake Brownson. He was held up on the Dawson Ridge last night, an' robbed of his money. You see, he'd been to Caruthersville with a heap of things in his light wagon for his branch store thar, an' was bringing back the last fortnight's takings. Jake's powerful bad with a broken head this morning; but how he got it he don't remember. Says he kin recollect getting as fur as the Ridge; but after that he don't know nothing till Dick—Chaparral Dick—found him lying insensible on the track as he rid home from here. Who done it, nobody knows; only it must have been somebody purty spry to get the drop on Jake Brownson without giving him nary a chance to unload his gun.'

'So it was Jake, was it?'

'Yes; it was Jake; an' it would have gone mighty hard on him if Dick hadn't chanced to stay here later than usual, an' find him, an' 'tend him, an' bring him along here. He just owes his life to Dick, that's what he does, an' Jake Brownson knows it too!'

As she uttered the last sentence, there was a touch of elation in her tones and a flush of pride on her cheek that did not escape her companion; and his heart sank a little within him as it was forced upon him that the girl's interest in Chaparral Dick was of more than ordinary nature. How far that interest went, he determined to find out forthwith.

'Flossie, I want to tell you something,' he said tenderly, and led her to a little arbour, where they were hidden from the hotel by a mass of blue lion flowers.

'Flossie,' he asked, looking earnestly into her face, 'if I had found Jake Brownson on the Ridge last night and succoured him, instead of Chaparral Dick, I wonder if you would have been so chipper about it as you are?'

'Lor, Lem! what a question to ask!' she exclaimed, evading his glance. 'You know I allus kinder took to you. You are so different from the rest of the boys.'

'Yes,' he assented, with some bitterness; 'I'm different. I'm an "ornery, chuckle-headed, Tenderfoot Ink-slinger;" while they are'—

'Now, Lem, you just let up talking like that,' interrupted The Flower soothingly. 'They mean no harm. Why, you're ever so much cleverer than them, only they ain't used to sizing up a man by what he's got in his head; and if it came to brains, you'd pan out far ahead of any of 'em.'

'It's very kind of you to put it that way. You've always been kind to me.'

'Have I? Then that's because I allus liked you,' was the frank, innocent reply.

Then Garvey braced himself to take the plunge. 'Flossie,' he began, dropping his voice, and taking one of her shapely little brown hands in his, 'you're happy living out here among the hills and the pine-woods and the flowers—happier than you would be in a dusty, smoky city, eh?'

The girl nodded.

'And when you marry, you wouldn't care to leave the old scenes? You'd rather settle out

here with some one who would give you the best of all treasures—a great and lasting love?

'Why, Lem, you kin read me like a book!' And there was a dreamy look in her eyes, and a curious, happy smile on her face as she spoke.

'It will be lonely sometimes—lonelier than at the hotel here,' he went on.

'I won't mind that. Nobody feels lonely when they are with the one they love,' she said, blushing softly.

'Then, Flossie, will you come and be my wife?' he whispered, letting go her hand, and holding out his arms towards her with tender, pleading eloquence.

The girl shrank back with a startled look. 'Oh Lem, I wasn't thinking of you,' she faltered.

'I'm such a fool, I—I thought you understood what I meant. But think of it now! I love you very, very dearly, Flossie—everybody does in a way—but I would give my life for your happiness. I never spoke before, because I often used to think I was a dying man; but now I shall soon be well and strong as ever again, and—and— Flossie, you confessed only a minute since that you always liked me!'

'Yes; I always liked you, Lem,' she responded gently; 'but I had never thought of you in—in that way.'

'But don't you—can't you love me "in that way?" Let me teach you! Flossie dear! perhaps it won't be very hard to learn?'

'Praps I might have done if—if'— she stammered, blushing furiously.

'If what?'

'Chaparral Dick asked me to be his wife last night. I reckon that's why he stayed so late at the hotel.'

'Do you mean that you could have learnt to love me if I had asked you before Chaparral Dick?' he asked eagerly, almost fiercely.

'No—no! Not that, Lem. I mean, p'raps if I'd never met him. I thought you'd seen that I cared for him, an' that you were telling me so. I'm awful sorry, Lem, that you ever thought of me that way;' and she laid her hand sympathetically on his shoulder. But he never felt her gentle touch. With his elbows upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands, he was occupied with the thoughts that chased each other to and fro through his brain like the lightning flashes that he had often watched playing about the peaks of the Sierras. If ill-luck had never thrown this scamp of a highway robber across her path, the girl he loved might have learnt to reciprocate his honest passion. That was the thought which most pertinaciously recurred to him. When he raised his head, his face wore a peculiar, pale, grim look.

'Did you come through the bar?' asked The Flower, with the kindest possible intentions of endeavouring to make him forget his disappointment by interesting him in another topic.

'Yes.'

'Then you'd see the Vigilantes were there?'

'The Vigilantes! What for?' he exclaimed, with considerably more interest than she had expected.

'Why, they've met over this job last night on the Dawson Ridge. You see, this makes the third party that has been held up between here an' Caruthersville within the last two months, an' the Vigilance Committee have sorter got their backs up over it. They can't jest suspicion who done it. It can't be a reg'lar gang of road-agents, 'cos they would have heard of 'em being about the neighbourhood. It must be some desperado working single-handed; but it's got to be stopped, anyhow; an' the Committee swear if they kin strike his trail, they'll track him down an' string him up to the nearest tree like a common hoss-thief.'

'Flossie, has Chaparral Dick been over this morning?'

'No; an' I reckon he won't be here yet. It was daylight afore he left the second time for his ranch, after setting up with Jake Brownson till he was right in his head again an' purty comfble considering. He was that anxious to hear what Jake knew 'bout the job, that he wouldn't leave till he'd heard; an' he must feel purty well chawed up this morning, or he'd have been here, you kin reckon on that. —Wanter see him?'

'I should have liked to hear what he thought about the affair. The Ridge isn't far from my shanty, you know, and it isn't pleasant to think of these things going on so near you in the night. However, I'll be making tracks now, after I've heard what the boys have got to say about it in the bar.—Morning, Flossie; and if you marry Chaparral Dick or—or anybody else, God bless you!'

He surprised even himself by the calm way in which he said it, for inwardly he was intensely excited. Supposing The Flower could have, as she had partly admitted, learnt to love him if Chaparral Dick had not stood in his way, then it was only reasonable to argue that he might still win her if Chaparral Dick were safely removed; and what better way could there be of getting rid of his successful rival than by proving his guilt, by some means or other, to the Vigilantes, and leaving them to deal with him? Anyhow, it were better that the scamp should pay the penalty of his misdeeds, even though the punishment should be death itself, rather than that he should marry sweet, innocent, confiding Flossie. There was a great amount of risk and uncertainty about the carrying out of the scheme that had suggested itself to Lemuel, but he determined to risk all on a *coup de main*.

He left The Flower in the garden and stepped into the hotel. The crowd was still there, discussing the situation, and vowing summary vengeance on the unknown malefactor. The central figure in the main group was that of Buck Wagner, a big, hairy giant of six-feet-three, who had had a long and intimate acquaintance with the etiquette and administration of lynch-law, and was accordingly looked up to with becoming respect as the leader of the local order-keeping (if unauthorised) band. In conducting the business of the Vigilance Committee, Buck Wagner was in himself sufficient to constitute a quorum, and nobody ever dreamed of questioning the justice of his decisions. It was to him, therefore, that Lemuel

addressed himself, after exchanging a few words with the other loungers as he passed.

'The Flower tells me that you've sworn to string up the man who robbed Jake Brownson last night?' he began.

'The Flower aims at the truth, an' hits it every time. The lor's got to be administrated ef we kin ketch the varmint. It's a duty as we hev to pufform fer the good of the community.'

'And what if the man you want turns out to be a member of this particular community?'

'The lop-eared, skulkin' greaser wot played it low down on Jake last night—an' it's the same wot held up Hoppy Martin beyond Bully Rock, an' Kansas Luke on the low grade, I'll take my Bible oath—hez got to swing for it ef it's Bill Higgins thar hisself!'

'It wasn't Higgins,' observed the young man quietly.

'I know it warn't; but wot you mean?' exclaimed Buck, giving him a piercing look.

'I mean that I've got a good clue to the real culprit.'

'You hev?' 'Wot's his name?' 'Who is it?' 'Spit it out!' came excitedly from the crowd.

'All in good time,' returned Garvey, outwardly cool. 'Mind you! I only said it was a clue, and I am not ready to disclose it at present.'

'Then we'll darned soon make you!' cried Pretty Pete, who, having lost one eye and a considerable portion of one side of his face in a personal argument with a grizzled in the Rockies, bore the distinguished reputation for being the ugliest man in California.

'Keep yer hair on, Pete! You ain't runnin' thisyer circus single-handed,' promptly put in the imperturbable Buck. 'We ain't a-goin' to hev no onwillin' witnesses, ef it kin be avoided. We're jest a-goin' to hear how thisyer young inncerent perposes to handle the ribbons with his clue; an' ef thisyer Committee allows to let him keep it dark a spell longer, thet orte satisfy any ornery cuss wot knows Buck Wagner. When the Breckenridge Vigilance Committee waltzes in on a job of this sort, it does the thing on the squar', an' you kin put it right thar.—Now then, mister, wot about thisyer clue?'

'Simply this. Before I make any accusation, I want to make certain on one or two points to corroborate my evidence; and I want to have a word with Chaparral Dick about his finding of Jake. But I won't keep you in suspense long, I promise you. It is eleven o'clock now. If Higgins will lend me a horse, I'll have everything ready for you by two o'clock; and if you'll come up the hill to my shanty at that time—not a minute before, mind you! or you might spoil the whole business—I'll not only tell you the name of the man, but I'll put him into your hands there and then!'

The closing words caused a hubbub of excitement and not a little wonder.

'You kin take the roan mare; Lem,' offered Higgins.

'Wall,' remarked Buck Wagner critically, 'I dunno ef thisyer perceeding ain't a *leetle*

onusual. Anyhow, it sounds fair; an' you kin take it that thisyer meeting stands adjourned till two o'clock sharp at Mister Lem Garvey's residence up on the mounting.—Mine's whisky, Bill.'

Lemuel was leaving the bar to fetch the roan from the stable, when Wagner, to further impress upon him the seriousness of the affair, tapped his hip-pocket significantly and casually remarked: 'You ain't a-tryin' to play it off on us, Tenderfoot, air you? 'Cos theseyer play-things hez a pesky way of accidentally goin' off of their own accord sometimes. I've heerd tell o' sech things.'

'I mean it, Buck,' Garvey returned, in no-wise alarmed, and disappeared. In another minute he had saddled the mare and was out on the road.

'Wonder who in tarnation the thievin' galoot kin be?' queried Pretty Pete.

'Mebbe it's the young Tenderfoot hisself,' hazarded Buck, winking his eye grotesquely over the upper rim of his glass; and the roar of laughter which greeted this brilliant joke overtook Lemuel as he rode up the grade.

#### KEEPING WATCH AND WARD.

It is a special characteristic of the English constitution that primitive methods of ensuring peace and defence, found working in full vigour under the early Saxon and Danish kings, have combined their permanence with the progressive development of later times, and even now exercise a marked influence upon our national institutions. The defence of the country against hostile invaders, and the preservation of its internal peace, were attained in the earliest times of which we have knowledge by means analogous to those now familiar to us. We find the germ of the modern police system in the organisation of the *frith-borh* or frank-pledge, supplemented by the 'hue and cry,' in which all the inhabitants of hundred or tithing were bound to join for the pursuit of offenders; while our national militia is the lineal descendant of the ancient *fyrð*, the armed folk-moot of each shire, which was the only military system familiar to our ancestors.

Three principal duties were incumbent upon our Anglo-Saxon predecessors, by virtue of the allodial tenure to which all lands were subject previous to the Conquest, and liability to occasional military service was the chief of these. A very early reference to the hue and cry is found in an ordinance of Edgar, where it is decreed as follows—'That a thief shall be pursued. . . . If there be present need, let it be made known to the hundred-man, and let him make it known to the tithing-men, and let all go forth to where God may direct them to go. Let them do justice on the thief, as it was formerly the enactment of Edmund.' This service was enforced under very severe penalties. More than three centuries before the days of Edgar, the laws of Ina of Wessex were similar.

The introduction of feudalism profoundly modified these forms of service, and William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, both Norman and Angevin, occasionally em-

played mercenary forces. But the ancient national militia continued to exist, and at times did good service in defence of their country, as when, at the battle of the Standard, beneath the banners of St John of Beverley and St Wilfred of Ripon, they rolled back the tide of Scottish invasion, and followed Thurstan, the aged Archbishop of York, to victory.

Henry II. introduced a money payment, known as *scutage*, as a commutation for personal service, and was thus enabled to hire mercenary troops for his foreign wars, but he was prevented from using these forces for home defence by the jealousy which the English have ever displayed towards the employment of aliens in England. The king, who was bent upon curtailing the power of the barons, was resolved not to employ the available feudal army. He therefore determined to resuscitate the ancient national force, and by an enactment issued in 1181, and known as the 'Assize of Arms,' every military tenant was required to possess a coat of mail with lance, shield, and helmet for every knight's fee he held in demesne; every free layman having chattels or rent to the value of sixteen marks was to be armed in like manner; he who was only worth ten marks was required to possess a lance, an iron skull-cap, and an habergeon; while all other freemen and burgesses were to provide themselves with iron skull-caps, lances, and doublets of mail. They were to enrol their names in their separate classes, and swear to be true and faithful to the king.

John legislated to the same effect. A writ of his reign, issued with the consent of the 'Commune Concilium Regni,' directed that every nine knights throughout England should provide a tenth, well equipped with horse and arms, for the defence of the kingdom, and should contribute two shillings a day for his maintenance. This knight was to repair to London three weeks after Easter, ready to go wherever ordered, and to remain in the King's service for the defence of the kingdom as long as required. A following provision enacted that, in the event of foreign invasion, 'all men shall unanimously hurry to meet the enemy with force and arms, without any excuse or delay, at the first rumour of their coming;' and the penalties for neglect were still more severe than those of preceding ages, for it was ordered that in the case of a knight or landholder—unless his absence were caused by infirmity—both he and his heirs should absolutely forfeit their lands. Those holding no lands were condemned to perpetual slavery for them and their heirs, with the additional obligation of an annual poll-tax of fourpence each.

For some time the ancient allodial and the more modern feudal systems existed concurrently; but they gradually united into the general armament for national defence which we find in the reign of John's son and successor. The ancient police organisation underwent a concomitant development. The hue and cry was enforced by Archbishop Hubert, the Chief Justiciar of Richard I., and knights were appointed to administer the oaths for the preservation of the peace. 'All men above the age of fifteen years were required to swear to

keep the peace towards their Lord the King; to be neither themselves outlaws, robbers, or thieves, nor to aid such persons as receivers or consenting parties; to follow up the hue and cry in pursuit of offenders; and to seize as malefactors all who failed to join or withdrew from the pursuit, and to deliver them to the sheriff, from whose custody they should not be liberated, except by order of the King or his Chief Justice.' Our justices of the peace are directly derived from these knights. They appear to have been chosen at first by the landholders of the county, under the name of *custodes pacis*; but in later times were appointed by Royal Commission, and in 1361 were given the power of trying felonies.

Primitive police arrangements, however, proved inadequate for the increasing population of the country, and in 1253 a system of Ward and Watch was instituted in every township throughout the kingdom, and twenty years later it was extended by further regulations. It was provided that, from Ascension Day to Michaelmas, watch was to be kept between sunset and sunrise; in cities by companies of six good and strong armed men at every gate; in the boroughs by parties of twelve; and in townships by companies of six and four, according to the number of the inhabitants. Any stranger who attempted to pass was arrested until morning, and then, if suspected of any crime, was handed over to the sheriff, to be detained in custody until liberated *per legem terræ*. A stranger who arrived by daylight in any village was not allowed to remain, except during harvest-time, unless his host became surety for his conduct. A merchant on his journey, after counting his money in the presence of the mayor or bailiffs, was allowed a guard, and could claim compensation from the inhabitants if robbed during his stay in the town. No person was allowed to carry arms, unless specially deputed to guard the King's peace.

The classification of the Assize of Arms was remodelled; all men between the ages of fifteen and sixty, 'citizens, burgesses, free tenants, villeins, and others,' were estimated according to the value of their land or movables, from fifteen pounds annual rent in land to forty shillings in chattels. The former served in what may be termed the 'Yeomanry Cavalry' of the period, and each man had to provide himself with a coat of mail, an iron headpiece, sword, small knife, and a horse. The lower classes served on foot, and were sworn to furnish 'themselves with the arms proper to their class, and to join the hue and cry when required.'

By the celebrated Statute of Winchester it was specially provided that when a robbery was committed, and the felons could not be brought to justice, the whole hundred should be held liable for the damage, and provision was also made that highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that within two hundred feet of the road 'there be neither dyke, tree, nor bush, whereby a man may lurk to do hurt.'

Until the comparatively modern Stuart times, these ancient obligations were enforced by repeated statutes, and disputes as to the control



of the militia—as the local forces were now designated—led to the final rupture between King and Parliament. At the Restoration, it was declared that the sole supreme government of the militia was, and by the laws of England ever had been, the undoubted right of the kings and queens of England, and provision was made for calling together and arraying the militia when necessary.

The force languished until 1757, when panics, caused by fears of French invasion, led to its revival, and it was provided that militiamen were to be chosen by ballot to serve for a limited number of years, but were not to be compelled to march out of their own county, except in case of rebellion and invasion.

An annual Act now suspends the ballot, but the same law empowers the Queen in Council to at once order a ballot, should necessity demand it.

### THE LITTLE AMBER MONKEY.

It was in the Burma campaign of 1885-87 that Captain Monro found the little Amber Monkey. He had been stationed with his regiment, Her Majesty's 150th Foot, at Thayetmyo all through the hot weather. It had been an exceptionally trying season, with a good deal of cholera amongst the men, and many of them seemed likely to fall into that state of listless inactivity which so often predisposes the victim to an attack of the epidemic, when, like an electric shock, the news fell upon the regiment of the breaking of the storm in Upper Burma, the taking of Mandalay, and the capture of Theebaw. Then followed the welcome orders to march to the front. As one man the gallant 150th rallied from the deadly inertia of the past two months; and within a few hours of the receipt of the orders, the barracks were empty, and Thayetmyo knew them no more. Arrived at the seat of war, the officers and men found themselves in the thick of the fighting, and already, before the incident took place on which my story is founded, they had received their baptism of fire.

There had been an engagement, and our men, though heavily handicapped by the nature of the ground through which they passed, had carried everything before them, so that the dacoits and Theebaw's rabble army had fled, leaving behind them some of their dead and wounded, which they were compelled to abandon. The excitement and turmoil of the day being over, some of the officers off duty assembled together in the big mess-tent in camp, and Captain Monro living over again the events of the day, suddenly remembered that he had lost on the field a small photo. frame which he invariably carried in his breast-pocket. It had slipped out as he stooped to assist a wounded brother-officer to remount his horse. He would not lose that precious case without making some effort to recover it, for it contained the photo. of his young wife, whom he had left for the first time only the other day at Thayet.

As he tramped over the wet sopping ground, he saw that there were parties of men out who were carrying in the dead and wounded. He

searched eagerly hither and thither for the little case, and at last, after many disappointments, found it lying, stained and bespattered, on the muddy ground. It was with a sigh of relief that he opened it and found the delicately tinted miniature of his wife within in perfect preservation.

Among the party of sepoy sent out to bring in the wounded was one Dowlat Ram. Picking his way among the heaps of slain, this man kept well in mind the possible chances of loot, for many of the Burmese adorn themselves with rich and valuable amulets, worn to preserve them from gunshot wounds, or to render them impervious to sword-thrusts. Afraid of being observed, Dowlat Ram directed his steps towards a clump of bamboos behind which many of the enemy lay scattered, hoping there to obtain something of value from the bodies of our prostrate foes. At first he was keenly disappointed to find that those around him wore no ornaments whatever; though here and there, on many a broad chest, he could see lines of little knobs under the skin, which betrayed the fact that talismans of gold or silver had been inserted, to protect the wearer from the perils of battle.

Time was precious, and the sepoy began to fear that his search would be in vain, when he happened to espy a young dacoit, who, if not dead, was at any rate badly wounded. Attached by a string to his neck hung a little flannel bag, which contained, no doubt, some treasure, and the heart of Dowlat Ram rejoiced as he reflected that it might be of great value. For all he knew, the contents of that little flannel bag might bring him great riches. There was that patch of ground which he had long coveted, close to his own hut in his native village, but for which his neighbour, the grasping Chandra Lall, asked so large a sum. Already he saw himself owner of that choice spot, for the little bag probably contained valuable rubies, which he could easily dispose of, and so return to the bosom of his family a wealthy man and one worthy of honour.

As he thus built castles in the air, which were never, alas! destined to be anything but aerial visions, he bent over the wounded Burman and carefully felt the treasure which hung from his neck. It was firm and rounded, and if a ruby, a very valuable one. Dowlat Ram's hands began to tremble as they fumbled about the Burman's neck. The string was easily severed, and raising himself, he turned out the contents of the bag. Even as he did so, a look of intense disgust crept over his features; he was about to fling his newly acquired possession to the ground, when he became aware that an officer, whom he recognised as Captain Monro, was walking across the field within a few paces of him. Dowlat Ram hurriedly concealed the flannel bag in the sleeve of his khaki coat. The conscious look on the sepoy's face attracted Captain Monro's notice, and the question of loot at once arose in his mind. 'What are you doing?' he asked Dowlat Ram sternly, in Hindustani.

'Sahib,' he answered, mechanically saluting, and lying with the promptitude of a Hindu, 'I

have this moment picked this up on the field. It may please the Sahib to look at it.' As he spoke, he laid in Monro's hand a tiny piece of carved amber.

Alan Monro stood for a few moments and examined the piece of carving. It was only about one and a half inches in height, of perfect amber, so wonderfully fashioned into the shape of a diminutive monkey, that Monro smiled as he looked. There was something very fascinating about that little amber monkey: the small head turned to one side, as if appealingly—the curved back, the hand outthrust with an air half-wistful, half-bold—all formed a personality which seemed to inspire with life that morsel of fossilised gum, to make it a thing which lived and breathed. Monro smiled again as he turned it here and there in his fingers. He had never seen a more exquisite specimen of the carver's art.

Meanwhile Moungh Shway Yoe, the Burman, stirred faintly as he lay at Monro's feet. Perhaps the rough hands which had fumbled at his neck, or the feeling that something dear to him was being wrested from him, recalled Shway Yoe's wandering senses from the dream-land of unconsciousness into which they had drifted. A shiver ran through his limbs, and his eyes opening, rested full on Captain Monro, who still held the charm on the palm of one hand. An anxious look sprang into the Burman's eyes, and he instinctively felt at his throat for his little bag. It was gone—the charm which Mah Mee, the girl who was to have been his wife, had placed there, fully trusting it would save him from gunshot wounds; and the man who had robbed him of his treasure stood before him, and smiled as he looked at it. If he could but reach him and regain possession of it, all would yet be well, and, in spite of his wounds, he would live to return to his own village, to Mah Mee, to the old easy life he led till the English invaded his country. Shway Yoe struggled painfully to rise, leant on one elbow, and with the other hand wildly snatched at the empty air, then fell back groaning on the ground. Monro hurriedly bent over him; and with the Englishman's features indelibly imprinted on his brain and the sound of his voice in his ears, Shway Yoe slipped back into that dreamy state from which he had been so rudely awakened.

'Take him to the hospital,' Captain Monro said to Dowlat Ram; then added *sotto voce*: 'Poor beggar; he has not much farther to go on life's journey.'

As he followed the sepoy back to camp, Monro slipped the little charm into an inner pocket of his military coat, and there it remained for many days till the turmoil of war was over.

A few months later, an Asiatic company's steamer sped swiftly through the shining waters round the Andaman Islands, and finally anchored in the beautiful harbour of Port Blair. The sea shone like a polished mirror, except over at North Bay, where the coral reefs threw up a violet shadow on the surface. The ship's anchor had hardly thundered far down below, when a fleet of little boats shot out from the

jetty of Ross Island, each boat containing some one eager for news of the world beyond those lovely sleepy islands. On deck the genial captain was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, who never failed to welcome him in his periodical visits; and while the youngsters chatted and joked, and the elders became engrossed in the study of home and Indian papers scattered about on the saloon table, the serious business of unloading the cargo went on. In this instance, the cargo was human freight, for five hundred convicts, with leg-irons on, and heavily handcuffed, were to be landed that day from the ship, among them being our old acquaintance Shway Yoe, for, in spite of all predictions to the contrary—and they had been many—he had recovered from his wounds, had stood his trial for dacoity and manslaughter, and was now sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in Port Blair.

Life certainly presented no very alluring prospect to the ex-dacoit, but he contemplated his altered fortunes in that spirit of calm philosophy which is so much a feature in the Burmese character, and trusted to Fate to bring better things to pass. Had he not been born on a Wednesday; and in the horoscope cast at his birth was it not foretold that he would pass through many difficulties and dangers before his twentieth year, while under the influence of the planet Saturn? A man cannot combat his Fate; it is like beating against the waves of the sea; so, with his phlegmatic temperament, it is not to be wondered at that the jail-warders, as the months went on, found Shway Yoe well behaved, and amenable to discipline.

Five years slipped away, and every month, as the Calcutta steamer put in an appearance with extreme regularity, the convicts checked off one more 'moon' from the tale of days to be spent in imprisonment, and could tell to a nicety how many more must pass before their release. Again a large steamer anchored in the harbour; but this time the big white vessel was a Government trooper, with a European detachment on board, come to relieve that which had just completed its 'year' in the Islands. A party of convicts were at work on the jetty at Ross—the planking having become worm-eaten—and their labour was nearly completed as the steam-launch came puffing to the gangway, and the British soldiers disembarked. The 'petty officer' or warden issued his orders to the convicts to stand on one side of the pier, to allow the men to muster. This was done. The soldiers formed up, and stood waiting for their commanding officer to give the word to march. He came up the steps leisurely, a tall, fair man, wearing on his shoulder-straps a crown, the badge of his rank, and with the unmistakable stamp of soldierly bearing about him. He is Alan Monro, a rather older edition of the man whom we saw on the battlefield of Upper Burma, but one upon whom fortune had smiled in the five years that have gone. He has won honour, wealth, and distinction—the love of wife and of child—the Fates have been as propitious to him as they have been adverse to Shway Yoe,

the Burman convict. He, standing among the ranks of his fellow-prisoners, forgot in a moment the stern prison rules in which he had been schooled for so long a time. It was enough that he saw once more before him the man whom he supposed had robbed him of his treasure, that little talisman, the possession of which would, he felt sure, restore to him all the lost joys of liberty.

He sprang from his place and stood tremblingly eager to speak. The movement caused Major Monro to turn round. He glanced at the man's face without being aware that he had ever seen him before. At that moment the petty officer's harsh voice rang out an order to Shway Yoe to fall back into his place—his came descended with painful force on the convict's shins—and before he realised that his enemy, the British officer, had passed him by, the soldiers were half-way up the steep road on their way to 'Windsor Castle,' the European barracks. The ten o'clock gun fired, and the convicts broke off work until the afternoon.

All through that day, and for many days, Shway Yoe's dull brain turned over and over the thought of how to recover the little amber monkey. For once, his slow mind was stirred to its depths as he thought what it meant to him to regain his treasure. It meant everything to him—life and liberty and home—everything for which life was worth living. At first, he planned wild schemes of vengeance, which in his calmer moments he discarded; but this he kept always in mind, that could he once more hold the little charm in his hand, he would escape into the dense forests of the mainland, there build himself a raft, and reach his own country after a few hours' sailing.

A curious impression prevails among the Burmese convicts of that large penal settlement. They are firmly convinced that they are within a very short distance of their own land, and that the English ship which brings them to Port Blair steams round and round on the same course for two days, so as to deceive them as to the distance which lies between the islands and Burma. This popular fallacy is accountable for the large percentage of attempted escapes amongst the Burmese convicts.

Several days passed, and Shway Yoe was no nearer the fulfilment of his one great desire. At last a little bit of luck came in his way. Orders were given for half-a-dozen men to rebuild some of the outhouses attached to Major Monro's bungalow, which had suffered during the last rains, and Shway Yoe was one of the number. He worked with the others for nearly the whole of one day, when, as the sun declined, and the heat lessened, a little boy ran out of the house and stood watching the convicts as they carried baskets of lime and brick to and fro. The child had a bright little face, and a winning air of expecting a welcome wherever he went.

Day after day, as the men worked at the building, the little fellow came every evening to look on; ran about amongst them, chattering Hindustani by the hour, and followed, wherever he went, by his faithful Bengali bearer. Although he was eagerly welcomed by them all, those rough sons of toil, no one watched

for his coming more wistfully, as time went on, than Shway Yoe. He gave to the boy that curious admiring interest which one of his nationality so often accords to an English child, and as this grew up within him, he vaguely felt that the animosity which he bore towards the child's father seemed to die away.

The *Loogalay* or little one, as Shway Yoe called him, sitting one day perched on a pile of timber noticed the intricate and wonderful tattooing on Shway Yoe's arms, legs, and chest, and immediately proceeded to ask endless questions. One design more than another fascinated the child—it was that of an elephant with a monkey on its back. The latter was of bright vermilion, with a blue tail, but the *Loogalay* thought it beautiful.

'My father has a little monkey, and he lets me play with it sometimes,' he said to Shway Yoe.

The man hardly knew what to answer, so great was his eagerness to hear more, but at last he said boldly: 'Will you bring it to show to me to-morrow, *Loogalay*, and I will give you a pretty thing instead?'

The child nodded once or twice, and with this childish promise he had to be content.

He did not see the little fellow again for a couple of days, and the work was nearly completed, so that the services of the convicts would not be required much longer. He waited and watched for the *Loogalay*, fearing that his chance was gone; but at last the child came running out of the house. His small fist was doubled, and as he bounded up to Shway Yoe, he announced in a loud whisper: 'I did bring you the little monkey; my father said I might play with it;' and into Shway Yoe's hand dropped the tiny charm for which he had hungered so long. His fingers closed over it tightly, and, to distract the child's attention from his own agitation, he produced, from a corner of his loincloth, a piece of mother-of-pearl roughly shaped into a ring which just fitted the little one's finger. The child, delighted with his trinket, rushed off to show it to his mother, and speedily forgot how he had given away the little amber monkey.

Across the harbour from Ross Island stands Mount Harriett, an elevation of about twelve hundred feet, clothed with beautiful natural forest, which extends for many miles into the mainland. The last monsoon had been a heavy one, and the Bamboo Walk at the top of the hill had become much overgrown. So Shway Yoe and a large party of men were sent, under charge of two petty officers, to remove the brushwood and clear the forest for some little distance round the two bungalows situated on the highest point. The Chief Commissioner was expected to spend a few days in one of them, so everything must be in readiness for his coming.

The men worked with knives very similar to the *dahs* so commonly used by the Burmese, and Shway Yoe almost felt as if he were once more in his own jungles. The work kept them closely occupied till the short twilight was over; then the senior of the petty officers formed the men into two gangs, Shway Yoe being told to march down the hill with the first party. Intentionally, however, he lingered behind; and upon this being discovered, the

petty officer, with much choice language and hard swearing, ordered him forward to overtake the others, which he accordingly did. As he came up to them, he said to some of the men: 'I am ordered to stay behind. There is still one more pile of bamboos to carry, and I am wanted there. I will be back in "section" before the gate closes.'

The petty officer, grumbling at the darkness and the bad state of the road, muttered a surly assent, and passed on, leaving the Burman standing in the middle of the pathway. He turned and plunged into the forest—his knife in one hand, and his little charm in the other—and crouched among the low bushes, to listen for the passing of the second gang. Some time went by. The first party had started by boat some minutes ago. At last the shuffling footsteps and the sound of the men's voices. How near they were to him! He could have laughed as he thought he would never more be one of them, for his little talisman would preserve him from harm, and he would reach his own country in a very few days. He strained his eyes to watch them go by—listened eagerly for the plash of their oars—at last silence everywhere round him! He stole out from his hiding-place, and went back to the top of the hill, and there struck into a jungle track which he had often traversed to and fro from work.

For hours during the night he fought his way through the dense tropical growth, stumbling over the thick coils of broad-leaved creepers, which hung in snaky festoons from the tall and beautiful forest trees. Every hour increased the distance between him and his pursuers, but still he feverishly struggled on, knowing he must be missed already, and that in the morning search-parties would be sent out in every direction. At last he reached the sea, and in the dim starlight began to collect materials for the building of his raft, dragging the bamboos down to the water's edge. Then, as morning came on, he felt hungry, and went back into the forest to hunt for roots and berries. Alas! there were none such as he knew so well where to find in his own jungles, so the whole day passed without food, but still his work progressed apace.

During the night, Shway Yoe felt all the terrors of the lonely forest. The slow plash of the waves on the shore, the whispering of the leaves, the drip of rain, seemed to him to be the voices of evil spirits, who planned together to prevent his escape. He held his little talisman ever and always close to his breast, trusting in its power, but still with a vague superstitious dread.

In the morning he shook off his fears, and although weakened by hunger, he worked on, so that his raft was half completed. Again another dreadful night haunted by the realisation, which at last began to dawn in his mind, that he would never reach his own land—never see Mah Mee again—never watch her little fingers coquettishly fix the yellow orchids in her hair. Vaguely he felt something had gone wrong. The little charm in which he so trusted had failed him; it might be that some greater Power was working for him, and would bring him his release after all.

Again the sun rose, and found the man quite exhausted; and lying there by his half-finished raft, he was discovered about mid-day, by a party of Andamanese trackers—those little swarthy savages whose race is fast dying out before the advance of the white man.

The journey through the forest, and passage across the water in a heavy lumbering boat, tried the unfortunate man terribly, so that when they reached Ross he was at the point of death, and was laid on the pier while some of the men went to fetch the means to carry him back to section.

It was growing dusk, and a boat belonging to one of the Sahibs drew up at the ladder. Three or four young officers had been out snipe-shooting on Aberdeen. Their cheery voices, one more than the others, Alan Monro's, fell on the dying man's ear. As he passed along the pier, Major Monro noticed the man lying there, and paused beside him. Something in the haggard appearance—the helpless attitude—sent a flash of remembrance through his mind, and he seemed to see once more the battle-field of Upper Burma. Shway Yoe opened his eyes, and made a faint gesture, so that Monro's orderly, following close on his master's heels, as the custom is in Port Blair, ventured to express his unqualified disapproval. 'I would beg of my lord to be careful,' he said. 'The man may do my lord some harm.' But Monro did not heed him.

'Sahib,' Shway Yoe said in Hindustani, as he bent over him, 'you took from me my little amber monkey.'

'I? No; I did not. The sepoy told me he picked it up on the field.'

'Then he took it, Sahib; and you did not. It is well. The *Loogalay* gave it again to me. Take and keep it for him, Sahib,' he continued, pushing the little piece of carving into Monro's hand. 'It may bring him luck; but—I have found none.' And so saying, Shway Yoe died there on the pier of Ross Island.

In a small silver casket the little amber monkey reposes in company with a roughly shaped mother-of-pearl ring, and when his friends ask how the more valuable curio came into his possession, Alan Monro tells the story of Shway Yoe, the ex-dacoit.

#### A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

COULD I but hear the voice once more  
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,  
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power  
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,  
The warbling bird would cease its strain;  
And hovering lightly on the wing,  
Enraptured, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!  
For which my wearied soul doth pine;  
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,  
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

HELEN WILKIE.

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